

THE
CHRISTIAN MUSE:
OR,
SECOND GIFT,
OF
THEOPHILUS PHILANTHROPOS,
Student in PHYSICK.

Out of the Abundance of the Heart, the Mouth speaketh: Blessed is the Man that doth meditate good Things in Wisdom, and that reasoneth of holy Things by his Understanding: Lord shew thou me the Way that I should walk in, for I lift up my Soul unto thee, St: Luke vi. 45. Ecclef. xiv. 20. Psal. cxliii. 8.

A Verse may find him who a Sermon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.

HERBERT.

The SECOND EDITION, with large Additions.

L O N D O N:

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T O

My Learned and Much-esteem'd FRIEND,

T H E

Rev. Mr. *READING*, M. A.
Keeper of the Library of SION COL-
LEGE, LONDON.

Most worthy and pious FRIEND;

AS of old it was written, so still may it be repeated,
*How beautiful are the Feet of them that preach
the Gospel of Peace, and bring glad Tydings of good
Things!* And what Thing more glorious can there be, or
what Dignity greater, than that of being made a Minister
of Righteousness, and sent forth as the Ambassador of God,
to preach Deliverance from Death, to the Soul appointed
to Death; and publish Salvation, unto those sentenc'd to
endless Misery and Woe? This can't but very deservedly
bespeak those so chosen and appointed worthy of the highest
Honour and Respect; but then this is only due to such
who are faithful to their Trust herein, even as an Embas-
sador sent forth by his Prince, becomes worthy of Honour
and Dignity, only as he faithfully exercises his Prince's
Orders, and discharges the Duty of his Commission with
the uttermost Diligence and Care: So is it with the Em-
bassadors of God; he that faithfully discharges the high
Duty of his Function, becomes worthy of much Honour
and Respect, but he that is careless and negligent herein,
of much Censure and Contempt, inasmuch as hereby he
greatly blemishes the Dignity of his Office, and brings a

A

high

high Reproach upon the Sacredness of his Function, putting a Sword into the Hand of the Enemy to exercise it against his Master's Honour ; as is the Case of all those to whom the Duty of their Commission becomes a Slavery, and the faithful Discharge thereof, a Burden which they will not submit to ; and such are all they unto whom the Yoke of Christ becomes intolerable, and carefully to follow his Example according to the Commandment, a Pattern which they cannot endure to imitate, being Lovers of Pleasure more than Lovers of God ; recommending Religion by Precept, but by Example strongly opposing it, greatly loving the Wages of Piety, but no less hating the Labour of obtaining them ; these serve not the Lord Jesus Christ, but their own Bellies. As is the Difference therefore between a faithful and faithless Ambassador in a Prince's Court, so is the Difference between a nominal and real Ambassador of the Court of Heaven ; the one is ever diligent in Season and out of Season in exercising the Duty of his Function, always seeking to approve himself faithful therein, and that not so much thro' the Prospect of Gain, as a Desire of pleasing his gracious Master, and approving himself faithful to his Honour, whereby he becomes not weary in Well-doing, but courageously encounters all Difficulties that offer to obstruct him herein, and after the Divine Example of his Master, is ready to lay down his Life for the Cause of Truth and Piety ; but the other is almost tir'd before he begins his Labour, discourag'd at every Difficulty, complains before Hardship comes near, and flees before the Enemy approaches, yet is ever true to the Interest of Gain, diligently grasps at all he comes near, grows fat and lazy with the Multiplicity thereof, and leaves the Godly, the Diligent, the Watchful, the Faithful to carry on the Labour and Toil, and as for their present Subsistence, to shift for themselves as they can. But now will any one ask what I mean hereby ? verily, I intend to mean nothing more or less than to express the Difference between a true Gospel Minister of Jesus Christ, and a nominal one ; the one professes Religion

gion for Conscience sake, the other for Gain; the one practises what he professes with much Diligence, seeking the Honour of Christ alone, greatly thirsting after the Good of Souls; the other dwells upon Precept of Religion alone without Practice, not seeking the Honour of Christ, but his own private Gain; this is he who makes a Gain of Godliness, but the other, Godliness his Gain: And is not this the Character of him to whom now I address myself? verily, might I be permitted to speak the Truth, I should say it is, as is sufficiently evident by your great Labour and Zeal for the Honour of the Lord of Hosts; but altho' by speaking the Truth herein, as justly I might, I know I shall offend against that Modesty which is peculiar to a pious Christian, yet I must not omit to mention what the Duty of Gratitude requires of me, and publickly to acknowledge my Obligations to you for Favours receiv'd; by whose pious and truly valuable Publick Labours, which I would gladly recommend to all, I have receiv'd no small Pleasure and Improvement in useful Knowledge, and to whom I must own myself as much oblig'd for strengthening my Hand in God, as to any other Friend whatsoever: But because, perhaps, to enlarge herein might somewhat offend, I will at present forbear; yet can't but greatly wish, that the Lord would raise up more such faithful Labourers in his Vineyard, and greatly multiply the same in the Time of this our Necessity, wherein the Complaint of the Prophet of old becomes but too just a Representation of the present Times, and of our wretched Condition thereby. " Ah! sinful Nation, said he, a People laden with Iniquity, a Seed of evil Doers, Children that are Corrupters, they have forsaken the Lord, and provoked the Holy One of *Israel* to Anger; yea, they are gone away backward: From the Sole of the Foot even to the Head, there is no Soundness in it, but Wounds and Bruises, and putrifying Sores: None calleth for Justice, nor any pleadeth for Truth, they trust in Vanity and speak Lies; they conceive Mischief, and bring forth Iniquity; their Feet run to Evil, and make Haste to

" shed

DEDICATION.

"shed innocent Blood; their Thoughts are Thoughts of
"Iniquity, Wasting and Destruction are in their Paths; the
"Way of Peace they know not, and there is no Judgment
"in their Goings; they have made them crooked Paths,
"whosoever goeth therein, shall not know Peace. There-
"fore is Judgment far from us, neither doth Justice over-
"take us; we wait for Light, but behold Obscurity; for
"Brightness, but we walk in Darkness; we look for Judg-
"ment, but there is none; for Salvation, but it is far from
"us; for our Transgressions are multiplied before Thee, O
"Lord, and our Sins testify against us; for our Transgres-
"sions are with us, and as for our Iniquities, we know
"them: In Transgressing and Lying against the Lord, and
"departing from our God; speaking Oppression and Re-
"volt; conceiving and uttering *from the Heart, Words of*
"Falshood; thus Judgment is turned away backward, and
"Justice standeth afar off; for Truth is fallen in the Streets,
"and Equity cannot enter; *yea, Truth faileth, and he that*
"departeth from Evil, maketh himself a Prey."

These Things, no doubt, afford Matter of continual Con-
cern to you, my worthy and well-beloved Friend, who have
with a noble Zeal oppos'd the Flood of Impiety, and still do
oppose it; and who for your Labour of Love herein must be
referr'd for your Reward to him who is able to reward to
the uttermost whatsoever Kindness is shewn to any for his
sake; by whom I trust you will be exalted on high
Degree, to dwell with him in Glory everlasting, where is
Fulness of Joy, and Pleasures for evermore: May this be
your Portion, is the earnest Prayer and humble Request of
your very affectionate Well-wisher in the Lord, and much
oblig'd humble Servant to command

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Theophilus Philanthropos.

THE

T H E P R E F A C E.

AS I esteem it my indispensable Duty to labour all I can, and by all Means possible to promote the Honour of God, and the future Happiness of Mankind, I have therefore again Re-printed this *Second Gift*, seeking hereby to contribute something hereto; if peradventure the Divine Being may bless it to the Use of any, without which I can do nothing: Neither do I hereby expect to please the Worldly-Polite, the Proud Letter-Learned, the Self-Righteous, or the Prophane; but the Meek, the Humble-Seeker, the Simple, the Searcher after Truth: Some of these by looking here-into, may perhaps gladly lay hold of those Truths therein contain'd; which, tho' rudely drawn, yet will be valued as useful, and worthy Regard. As to the first Article, concerning the Sabbath, which I foresee will be objected against, I will say thus much in its Behalf, that as it is a Model, or Manner, whereby in every Particular I conduct myself, as therein expres'd; so I hope it will not be thought unreasonable to others, to recommend that Strictness in Regard to this Day, which I judge to be requir'd by the great Lord thereof; but those who are dispos'd to differ from me herein, may form to themselves such a Manner of keeping the Sabbath as they think proper; yet would do well to have such due Regard hereto, as the Law of God requires. As to the other Articles, I am not solicitous what Matter of Banter and Ridicule they may afford to the Ludicrous and Prophane, nor how I may be esteem'd by them for the same, as perhaps from such I may not meet with bet-

ter Treatment, so neither am I afraid of meeting with worse, than by Letter I receiy'd from a Gentleman, an old Acquaintance of mine, upon the first Exit of this Gift from the Press: His Letter bears Date November 9th, 1738, whetein, after he had taken the Liberty at his Pleasure of Censuring my Writings by Wholesale with Nonsense, concludes with these remarkable Words, *Since, says he, you stile yourself a Student in Physick, I would give you the Advice of a Friend, to apply yourself wholly to that, and not to trifle away your Time in such Compositions; that any School-Boy might be ashamed of, and which will deservedly give you the Character of a Madman.* Now how far this Gentleman might agree with another, who is indeed of the Physical Faculty, and who in my Hearing declar'd against Religion, as a Thing inconsistent with Physick, and therefore not to be regarded by a Physician, I shall not attempt to determine; but in respect to the former Gentleman, this I would observe, That Advice is no farther worthy our Regard, than as it corresponds to the Gospel of Christ, and has a Tendency to promote the great End of Man's Creation, which utterly forbids us to apply ourselves wholly to any Thing temporary, as all Things relating to human Life are, but that we should always principally be heedful of the one Thing needful; namely, *How to fear God and keep his Commandments*, for this, we are told, *is the whole Duty of Man*, as that which chiefly regards the End of our Creation, and our future happy Existence! And if the Adviser above-mention'd, had known the Word of God as he ought to have done, and as his Office requires he should, he would then have had much more Reason than the Advis'd, to be ashamed and blush at giving such Advice, which so much borders upon Impiety and Ignorance in Christianity, that it cannot be excus'd of greatly savoring of both; and to whom, in Return for his friendly Advice, I also with no less Disposition to Friendship, earnestly recommend the diligent Study of the Sacred Scripture to him; by the more perfect Knowledge of which, he

will

will be instructed, how better to advise for the future: For by that Sacred Word we are taught, that no Man's Business or Employment excus'd him from an Obligation to the Commands of God, but that all and every one, of what Degree or Profession soever to whom the Will of God is manifest, is under the strictest Obligations to pay Obedience thereto, and as Christians, to live as becometh the Gospel of Christ; wherein Christ has set us an Example of Piety, and commanded us to observe the same; by which, every one is oblig'd with their utmost Endeavours to perswade against Sin, and promote Piety; and whosoever offers to discourage the least Attempts hereto, by Reproach, Banter, or Ridicule, &c. as yet is only a Christian by Name, but a Stranger to the Thing: Wherefore, as to myself, I am so far from being discourag'd from using my utmost Endeavours herein, by the Ridicule, Banter, or Reproach of others, as to look upon them in no other Light than as so many Objects of my Pity and Prayer: Therefore, tho' on the one Hand there were Ninety and Nine of the same Mind, and of the same Sacred Function, with my Friend above-mention'd, from whom I should be sure to meet with the same Treatment for Re-printing this again; and, on the other Hand, there stood only One poor simple Man, to whom I was sure it would be useful, for the sake of that One poor Man would I willingly bear the Censure and Contempt of the other Ninety and Nine: But since, for ought I know, the Odds may not be so great against me, therefore do I the more readily and chearfully cause it to be Re-printed; and indeed I must confess thus much, that I have been so long accustom'd to Reproach, Slander, and Calumny, and that not only from the rude Multitude, but even by those whom I ought to have been commended, that now, from whomsoever it comes, I do not regard it: Formerly indeed, I was so much discourag'd hereby, as to begin to doubt whether I should proceed in accomplishing what God had put into my Mind to do; but was soon satisfied herein by him who is invisible, receiving a Command not to

fear the Reproach of Man, nor be afraid of their Revilings: And because, perhaps, to mention the manner whereby my Faith was strengthened in God, may not be unacceptable to some, tho' it may appear ridiculous to others, I shall relate it as follows:

Some Years ago, in my Sleep at Night upon my Bed, I thought I was in a Room where was a Table spread with Food, and Guests sitting round about it, one of whom was Christ the Saviour of the World, who I thought, looking upon me as I was passing round the Table, with his Hand beckon'd me to him; upon which I immediately went, set down by him, and lean'd my Head in his Bosom: Tongue cannot express the unusual Joy my Soul was fill'd with during that Time; however, in a short Time, all was vanish'd I know not how, and I was left in the Room alone: While I was considering this Thing in my Mind, presently it comes two Persons bearing a large Cross of Wood, whereon they told me I must be crucified for the sake of Christ: I thought I was nothing troubled at hearing the same; but my Mind was still fill'd with Joy from what had pass'd a little before: The Cross being laid on the Floor, I immediately laid myself down upon it, and extended my Hands and Feet upon the Wood to receive the Nails, which tho' as I thought I sensibly felt piercing thro', yet my Mind was still much engag'd in the Pleasure and Contemplation at what had past before, and the Joy flowing from the Consideration that now shortly I should for ever be with the Lord, who had but left me for a Moment, made me greatly insensible of the Pain I was then suffering: Thus while I was in this State, and thought I felt my Life departing from me, I wak'd, and behold, will any say, it was but a Dream! However, to me it contain'd much more than a Dream, and plainly reminded me, that I must esteem Reproach and Defamation, for the sake of Christ, as Part of the Cross which he had commanded me to bear after him, and that if his Cause called me to lay down my Life for

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for his sake, I must readily obey: And truly, I found my Spirits not a little enliven'd and strengthened hereby, and endow'd with much more Resolution than I had before. Again, since that, I thought by Night in my Dream, that behold, I was so strongly barracaded and shut up in a Prison, that to me there seem'd no Possibility of ever being releas'd, but must certaintly perish: While my Mind was thus employ'd upon the Sadness of my Condition, I thought I heard a Voice saying unto me, Arise, proclaim thy Master's Honour; upon which, immediately the Doors of my Confinement flew open, and I was set at full Liberty, upon which I wak'd; and again falling asleep, the same Vision was repeated to me, in the same Manner.

After which again waking, I now plainly perceiv'd, that God hereby meant that I should not be discourag'd at any Difficulties that offer'd in my Way; for tho' of myself I was altogether unable to presl forward, yet his Power was All-sufficient for me, which no Opposition could with-stand; by the Help of which therefore it is, that I have continu'd until this Day, and have ever experienc'd, that the more I have been oppos'd, the more Power I have felt in myself to with-stand it; whereby the Sword of the Devil which he stirr'd up against me, has ever been turn'd against himself to his own Loss: Which Truth every one will experience that are stedfast in their Duty to the Lord their God, and are not afraid of human Reproach. Had blind Bartemius regarded the Rebuke of the Multitude, commanding him to hold his Peace, when he cry'd, *Jesus thou Son of David have Mercy on me*, he would never have receiv'd his Sight by the Lord of Life; but as this excited him to cry so much the more vehemently to the Lord for Mercy, whereby he soon obtain'd his Request, and was restored unto his Sight; even so must every Servant of God strive with so much the more Earnestness for the Honour of the Lord his God, as he is oppos'd, rebuk'd, or commanded to be silent by Man: As for me, this is my Confidence in the Lord my God, that

according to his Mercies hitherto bestow'd, so shall I experience it all the Days of my Life, that as Opposition abounds, even so will Grace much more abound. And now, let Mankind make what Use of this they please, I have faithfully related it; to some, perhaps, it may yield Matter of Comfort, and future Consolation; to others, Matter of Banter and Ridicule, but to me it is the Power of God, the Wisdom of God, and the Mercy of God. And now, not farther to enlarge; may it please the Most High and Gracious God, to give all that Simplicity of Heart, and Singleness of Disposition towards him, that all may see themselves Sinners, and all may contribute what they can both to avoid Sin in themselves, and perswade others against it, waiting continually upon the Lord for this very Thing; for then will they be glad of any the least Assistance herein, and those of greater Abilities would endeavour to add to what they saw deficient, so would the great Sin of Sneering, Ridicule, and Banter cease, and Men would no longer continue Fools at the Cost of their Souls, while they labour to shew their Wit in ridiculing Things Serious and Sacred, thereby seeking to stir up others to Laughter, and make their Minds as prophanely inclin'd as their own: Verily, I have no small Concern for such unhappy Dispositions, and secretly lament their miserable Condition, because they despise the very Means whereby alone they can become Wise unto Salvation, thro' Faith in Christ: *O my God, have Mercy upon them, and change their Hearts to receive thee with all Readiness, as the Truth is in Jesus.*

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T H E

THE
CHRISTIAN MUSE, &c.

First, On the SABBATH.

Remember the Sabbath-Day to keep it Holy, six Days shalt thou labour, and do all thy Work; but the seventh Day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God, in it thou shalt not do any Work: Therefore, if thou turn a-way thy Foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy Pleasure on my Holy Day, and call the Sabbath a Delight, the Holy of the Lord, Honourable, and shalt honour him, not doing thine own Ways, nor finding thine own Pleasure, nor speaking thine own Words, then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord, and I will cause thee to ride upon the high Places of the Earth, and feed thee with the Heritage of Jacob thy Father; for the Mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. Exod. xx. 8, 9, 10. Isa. lviii. 13, 14.

THIS is the blessed Day, the Lord's own Day,
In which I will in Heart rejoice and pray;
And first in Morn when I do early wake,
My Soul to God her humble Suit shall make:
I thank, and bleſs, and praise thee, Lord, I'll fay,
Who haſt me kept to this thy blessed Day;
Guide me therein, I pray, by thy good Grace,
That I with Joy and Love may ſeek thy Face:
And afterward, when that I'm riſen,
I'll lift mine Eyes unto my God in Heav'n;
With Heart, and Soul, and Mouth, I will him praise,
And him entreat for to direct my Ways:
And then with Speed will I myself betake,
Sweet Melody unto the Lord to make.
His blessed Sacred Word I will then read,
On which my Soul with Comfort great ſhall feed;
And greatly bleſs him for the Gift Divine,
In that thereto he doth my Heart incline,

Him

Him faithfully to love, serve, and obey,
And with mindful Heed daily to him pray.
And then I'll hasten unto my Break-fast,
On which I will his sacred Blessing ask:
After that unto th' House of God will I
Gladly with Heart and Mind attend, for why
To love the Lord my God is always best;
For he will bring my Soul to endless Rest.
And while in th' House of God I do attend,
With all due Rev'rence there my Time I'll spend;
Nor will I laugh, or talk, or stare about,
To observe who comes in, and who goes out;
Nor will I sit, like th' Idle and Prophane,
While God, my Lord, is prais'd in Voice of Psalm;
Luke-warmnes of Affections God doth hate,
Which I'll abhor, nor to my Neighbours' prate.

Such vain Worshippers do not serve the Lord,
But him abuse, and much offend their God;
Nor can they Benefit from him receive,
While in his House of Pray'r they thus behave;
Its better much for such to keep away,
Then there such Sin and Folly to betray:
Behold! What? Laugh, and Talk, and Whisper much,
As tho' you meant to scandalize the Church:
Forbear thus to prophane the Lord herein;
Would you behave so to an earthly King?
And will you worse presume to treat your God,
Than you would your King or Temporal Lord?
O wretched Sight! and monstrous for to see,
Persons thus behave who would Christians be!
Surely, those who thus despise the Lord,
Shall be, e'er long, despis'd by him their God.
Compose your Mind, and give the Lord his Due,
That he his Grace to you may now renew,
And pardon this most sinful Crime of thine,
And hence your Heart towards him more incline,
Him faithfully to serve, love, and obey,
By whom you are preserv'd to this good Day.

But

But to his Sacred Word I will draw near,
And with Attention great I will it hear :
The same also I will with Joy hear preach'd,
That I thereby may be the better teach'd ;
And both with Heart and Mind I will accord,
Most faithfully with Joy to serve the Lord.
Then to the Feast of God will I draw near,
With humble Mind for it myself prepare,
And him therein receive by Faith and Love,
Who doth such Comfort send me from above.
And when from House of God I am come home,
His Mercy great to me I'll gladly own ;
In private Closet to him drawing near,
Unto the Lord my God I'll make my Pray'r :
I love thee well, O Lord, my Soul doth say,
And it will thank and praise thee all the Day ;
And love thee more and more in Heart and Mind,
Who to my Soul doth prove thus good and kind :
And afterward to him a Psalm I'll sing,
In Praise for th' great Joy he to me doth bring.
And then unto my Dinner I will come,
And humbly thank my God when I have done :
I give thee Thanks and Praise, O blessed Lord,
For that thou dost good Food to me afford,
And with thy lov'ng Favours me thus to feed,
Who am not worthy of the least good Deed :
So feed my Soul, I pray, by thy good Grace,
That it may ever daily seek thy Face.

And then his Sacred Word again I'll read,
On which with Joy I will most gladly feed ;
And bless him for the Gift Divine most kind,
The like of which else-where we cannot find.
And after that, as th' Hour of Pray'r draws near,
I will again with Speed myself prepare ;
And in the Sacred House of God once more,
Will I with Joy present me as before,
And still with much Attention there to hear,
How constantly the Lord to please and fear :

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O blessed God most high, guide thou my Heart,
And to my Soul thy blessed Self impart.

 And when from thence I am again come home,
I will once more betake me to my Room,
There still with Joy to meditate, and sing,
Unto the Lord my God a heav'nly Hymn.

 Thus the whole Day I will with Care it spend,
Upon the Lord in Love I will attend,
Nor Company profane will entertain,
For fear of Talk that should be light or vain:
Nor will I Visit unto others make,
Lest that I should the Sacred Sabbath break.

 Are you a *Jew* therefore become at last,
To turn a holy Feast into a Fast?
No, I reply, I am no faithless *Jew*,
But do believe in Christ, who is the true,
The only, blessed, holy Son of Love,
That did descend from the great God above,
Us to preserve from endless Death most sad,
And by his Love our Hearts make fully glad:
On him therefore my Heart and Mind I'll bend,
That I may learn my Life still more to mend,
And for his sake in Love do feast my Soul,
In that his Day I do most gladly own;
With due Regard it carefully to spend,
On holy Exercise my Mind to bend.

 But now, alas! methinks I hear one say,
Work must be done upon this Sacred Day;
Great Haste and Speed, its said, it now requires,
Or else we much shall offend the Buyers:

 While others, want of Refreshment do plead,
Upon Country Air they'll make Speed to feed;
And hence, say they, we must the Sabbath break,
And will upon that Day our Pleasures take.

 While others, of much Poverty do plead,
Of daily Bread, they say, they have much Need;
And hence to Work they must themselves betake,
And of th' Sabbath a Market-Day they'll make:

Alas!

The Second Gift of Theophilus Philanthropos.

Alas! Necessity compels you plead,
And what? is that sufficient for the Deed?
O sad! when this vain Span of Life is past,
And thou e'er long of Pleasures tak'st thy last;
Ah, then! vain Man, I very greatly fear,
That this thy Plea will cost thee sadly dear,
When hence you go and Heav'n-ward do fly,
Then shalt thou meet with this most sad Reply,
O Wretch! thou hast prophan'd God's Sacred Day,
Therefore make haste from hence without Delay;
Justice to thee compels it thus to be,
You have, faith God, greatly offended me;
My House of Prayer you vilely did forsake,
And for thy precious Soul no Thought did take,
Hell therefore is thy Fate, thy Lot is there!
Nothing unclean or vile can enter here;
Haste thee away, unto th' Lake infernal,
There with Devils to suffer Pain eternal!

Be wise therefore, pray sin herein no more,
That so you may from Earth to Heaven soar;
God's Holy Word, his Law, his Will observe,
And he shall then thy Soul from Sin preserve.

And now henceforth, I pray, fear thou the Lord,
And carefully obey thy gracious God;
Keep thou his Sacred Day with great Delight,
And he will shew thee what is good and right.

A solemn Feast unto my Soul it is,
Which I acknowledge to be truly his:
And hence, no idle Words my Mouth shall frame,
That may profane his Great and Sacred Name;
But read and pray, and meditate, and sing,
Will I unto my God a heav'nly Hymn.
And when the Night it doth begin to come,
I will again betake me to my Room,
Still more and more upon the Lord to call,
Who is my Life, my Soul, my Joy, my All.

And as the Hour of Nine at Night draws near,
A Bell I'll ring the Household to prepare,

Family-Duty unto th' Lord to give,
Which is his Tribute due from all that live.

And when unto my Supper I do go,
With Joy, my Heart and Mind I will bow low ;
In Thanks and Praises to the grac'ous Lord,
For that he doth such Love to me accord.
And while upon my Supper I do feed,
The Word of God they shall with Heed then read,
Wherein I will instruct them how to know,
God's great Love which thereby to them doth flow.

And when my Supper I have fully done,
My hearty Thanks to God I will return :
I thank and praise thee Lord and heav'nly King,
Who doth such Comforts to me daily bring :
Thus glad my Heart by thy good Grace and Love,
That it may ever feed on thee above.

And then a Psalm to him we all will sing,
In Token of our Love to him our King :
And thus, with Care to do should all observe,
Who faithfully in Truth the Lord would serve ;
Whose holy Name to all is very near,
As doth his Works in Nature well declare ;
And, O my God, my Lord, my heav'nly King,
Come Nearer, nearer, *nearer* to me still,
That thou alone may captivate my Will,
And I of thee may sweetly take my fill.

And when to needful Rest I have a Mind,
Unto my God my Heart shall be inclin'd ;
Who will unto my humble Voice give Ear,
To whom once more I will adres my Pray'r ;
O holy, ever-blessed, sacred Three,
Forsake me not, I pray, that comes to thee ;
Who hast the Universe thine own to call,
Whom to obey most readily it shall ;
Yea, Heaven and Earth, and all that are therein
Are thine, and shall thy Sacred Will fulfil.
What then, O Lord, shall I present to thee
That's worthy found to be receiv'd of me ?

My Body, Soul, my Life, my Goods, my All
Are thine, and shall upon thee daily call.
O! blessed Lord, my God, I love thee well,
And trust thou wilt me ever save from Hell;
My Heart to thee alone, my God, I give,
Vouchsafe, I pray, to let it ever live:
And thou, my Lord and Sav'our dear, alway
Preserve me still unto the perfect Day;
And when I have run out my fleeting Race,
Grant me, my God, with thee a Resting-Place,
That there I may my Life for ever spend,
With Joy, where sacred Sabbaths have no End.



Secondly, On the Fear of WANT.

BE not ye of a doubtful Mind, for your heavenly Father knoweth what Things ye have need of: Cast therefore all your Care upon him, for he careth for you. St. Luke xii. 39. Mat. vi. 8. 1st Pet. v. 7.

TRUE, the World is vain and all that's in it,
It chops and changes every Minute;
Tho' now it smiles and doth rejoice the Heart,
E'er long it frowns and Sorrows great impart:
Now Wealth and Joy in great Abundance flows,
Anon, Contempt with Want and hardy Blows;
Now I rejoice in Friends with Heart and Mind,
To-morrow nothing else but Foes can find:
Thus vain and uncertain are all Things here,
Which fills the Mind with nought but Care and Fear.
Love not the World therefore which is thus vain,
And thou shalt have more Joy with much less Pain.
To-day with Pleasure great I am receiv'd,
To-morrow frown'd at and hardly believ'd;
Now Love and Joy with much Respect is shown,
And again anon I am scarcely known:
But yet, alas! my Soul why tak'ft no Rest,
And why fretest thou thus within thy Breast?

Why art thou thus, I pray, opprest with Fear,
As though great Evils did approach thee near?
What! sigh, lament, and mourn, and take thus on,
As tho' all Peace and Joy was from thee gone?
Tell me; I pray, the Cause? declare the Thing
Which doth such Sorrow to thy Heart now bring?
Ah me! you say, its Poverty I fear,
For which I am thus sadly mov'd with Care;
I doubt I shall be very much at Strife,
How to preserve this wretched Span of Life:
When Sicknes and Distress apace comes on,
O then! I know not where I must be gone,
Food to obtain, or to receive Relief,
And that's the Rise and Cause of all my Grief.
Alas! poor Soul, and is thy Case thus bad,
That thou hast Cause to be so mighty sad?
Dost thou not know that the great God above,
Doth thus his faithful Servants try with Love?
He now Affliction great to them doth send,
That they thereby may learn their Lives to mend,
And may to him more diligently seek,
And place their Faith on him tho' yet but weak.
He to the Weak in Faith, doth Strength impart,
And then by his good Things makes glad their Heart.
Doth Friends and Money fail in very Deed?
Yet still thy God will help thee at thy Need;
Pray thou to him with Zeal and fervent Love,
And he will grant thee Comfort from above.
His sacred Word also read thou with Care,
From whence you may him rightly learn to fear,
And then right glad and happy will you be,
Because that he will undertake for thee:
He is the God of Love, and Joy we know,
And doth behold all Things that's done below:
Haste thou to him, therefore upon him call,
And he will ever save thee from thy Thrall.
He Peace and Comfort to the Needy brings,
And Joys the Hearts and Minds by his good Things.

In his Word trust thou therefore, who hath said,
Fear not, believe in me, thou shalt have Bread;
And certainly he will also to those,
Vouchsafe a good Supply of needful Cloaths:
Chear up therefore, nor fear, nor grieve no more,
But let thy Soul from Earth to Heaven soar,
There to behold the Joys prepar'd above,
For them whom God the Lord doth truly love;
Place Trust, Faith, Love and Confidence in him,
Who is to thee a grac'ous God and King:
He as a Friend and tender Parent dear,
Will for thy sake with Speed approach thee near:
Thy Wants and Needs he will also supply,
And with great Joy refresh thee speedily.
No more, my Soul, therefore despond with Fear,
Since thy good God for thee doth take such Care,
But trust in him and greatly him still love,
And shortly thou shalt dwell with him above;
Where Christ will be to thee a Saviour,
And ever shalt thou enjoy his Favour;
There endless Joys thine Eyes shall ever see,
And bleſs th' Lord thy God to all Eternity.

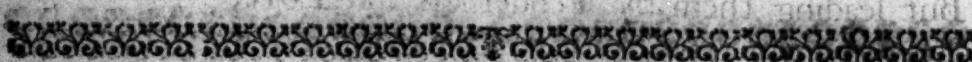
Thirdly, On Wandering Thoughts in PRAYER.

MY Son, when you come to serve the Lord, prepare thy Heart for Temptation: God is a Spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in Spirit and in Truth. Eccles. ii. 1. St. John iv. 24.

GIVE unto the Lord thy Heart in Prayer,
G And he to thy Request will then draw near:
I love thee, Lord, indeed; but O how far,
My Thoughts and Mind from that dear Object are?
This fickle wanton Heart, how wide it roves,
And idle Fancy meets a Thousand Loves;
And if my Soul longs for to see its God,
She treads with Joy the Courts of him abroad;

But

But Throngs of Rivals likewise crowd the Place,
And even tempt me off before his Face :
And if I would enjoy my God alone,
Then bid I my Passions all begone,
All but my Love, and Hope, and charge my Will,
Safely to bar the Door, and keep it still :
But, alas ! Cares or Trifles make, or find
Still fresh and more Disturbance to my Mind,
Till I with Grief and Wonder great do see,
Vast Crowds of Mists betwixt my God and me ;
This idle, foolish Heart can leave its God,
While empty Shadows tempts its Thoughts abroad,
And O ! how shall I fix my wandring Mind,
And cast my Load of Fetters on the Wind.
Look gently down Most High Almighty Grace,
Prison me round with thy most sweet Embrace ;
Pity my Soul, I pray, that would be thine,
And with thy Power Divine my Love confine.
O ! when, my Lord, shall that dear Moment be,
When I , my God, shall only live to thee :
Then shall my Heart no foreign Lords adore,
And my wild Fancy then shall rove do more.



Fourthly, On MARRIAGE.

Marriage is Honourable in all, and the Bed undefiled, but Whoremongers and Adulterers God will judge : Marry thy Daughter, and so shalt thou have perform'd a weighty Matter, but give her to a Man of Understanding : A silent and loving Woman is the Gift of the Lord, and there is none so much Worth as a Mind well instructed : As the Sun when it ariseth in the high Heaven, so is the Beauty of a good Wife in the ordering her House : A Friend and Companion never meet amiss, but above both is a Wife with her Husband, Heb. xiii. 4. Eccles. vii. 25, 26. xiv. 16. & ix. 23.

IN meditative Thought and musing Mind,
Fancy roving somewhat pleasing to find, When

When suddenly in View there did appear,
A Sight the most agreeable and fair,
Two Souls most strongly in one Breast combin'd,
Love thro' each diffus'd, in neither confin'd.
See there, the happy Couple, look, behold,
A Sight more grateful far, than Show's of Gold,
In sweet Society their Time they pass,
Look gay and pleasant like the tender Grass.
O! happy Sight, and joyful for to see,
Minds thus conjoin'd in such bless'd Unity;
Join'd Hands and Hearts, in Love they pass the Day,
To what one wills the other'll not say nay;
Increase of Joy with that of Days they find,
That live in Love and are to God inclin'd;
To him they join with ardent Zeal most dear,
And frequently upon him call by Pray'r:
And if God Children unto them doth give,
They teach them how in his good Fear to live:
Not with Rod, sour Looks, and Whip severe,
Which banishes true Love, and stirs up Fear:
Such Tyrant Treatment of the Infant-Kind,
Tends more to ruin than improve the Mind;
But leading them by Tenderness and Love,
Them gently teach to love the Lord above;
Him faithfully to serve, and him obey,
That they from him may never go astray.
But if this Blessing he from them with-holds,
Yet still content, to him resign their Souls;
Sweet Advice they daily take together,
How happier still to make each other;
Each to other good Council gives with Care,
And both to be advis'd most ready are;
Still seeking to promote each other's Bliss,
The which they do confirm by holy Kiss.
With what, my Love, shall I you please To-day?
To what are you inclin'd, I pray thee say?
Replies th' other, nay what you will my Dear,
For to have you pleas'd is my chiefest Care:

Thus

Thus in mutual Strife they do contend,
To exceed in Love, and to Kindness bend.

O therefore! who would but married be
For to enjoy such a bleſſ'd Unity?

Which th' Pains of Life divides, and Joys doubles,
And eases the Mind of many Troubles.

How mean are the Joys of a single Life,
When compar'd to his that has a good Wife:

Earth with all its Pomp can't the like afford,
Nor greater seen unlesis to Heaven soar'd;

No Happiness to this can be compar'd,

Except that for th' Bless'd in Heav'n prepar'd;

Yea, its an Emblem of the Joys above,

Which is a large Increase of this true Love.

Here God with their Hearts in Union dwells,

There he both Hearts and Minds with Joy much swells,

In execise of Love and Songs divine,

With Praife and Adoration most sublime:

Thus are the Joys of a married Life,

When a good Man is bleſſ'd with a good Wife.

But now mistake me not while I extol

This Happiness, its not posses'd by all,

For some near to Distraction it doth drive,

While for Superiority they strive;

While, both will command and neither obey,

In much Strife, Scoffs, and Blows they spend the Day;

With Words they rattle, with Broomsticks battle,

And furiously rage like mad Cattle;

Behold how Chairs and Tables fly about!

Which makes the Dogs and Cats with Speed to scout:

Bed-sticks, Chamber-pots! yea, all that come to Hand,

With much Fury and Eagernels they spand;

Without much Aim towards the Head it flies,

Which draws both Blood from Nose, and gives black Eyes;

Such Shreeks and dismal Noife is sometimes heard,

Even as tho' they had the Devil scar'd:

Murder! Murder! Murder! is cry'd aloud;

At which does strait appear a mighty Crowd;

Reproach,

Reproach, hard Names, and Censure great doth fly,
They rave as if they meant to rend the Sky.

You Rogue, says she, you have of me drawn Blood,
You Jade, says he, you have my Will withstood.

Vile Knave, the Peace against you I will swear,
Besure you shall for this pay very dear:

Get you gone, says he, thou vile Strumpet go,
I neither care nor fear what you can do.

Alas! its sad, yea, very sad, to tell,
How nearly this sad Life resembles Hell,
An Emblem of that dreadful State it is,
Where thus doth Devil rage on all that's his;
And tho' at times some Concord seems to be,
Yet still there is no perfect Unity:

The Cure of all is Love and Pray'r to God,
For he alone is of all Peace the Lord.

Ye then that would a Blessing to you gain,
And in a wedded Life much Joy obtain;
Intreat the Lord your Ways for to direct,
And he unto your Pray'r will have Respect;
The first Motive, in Love, let it be laid,
And that on Virtue as its Structure, stay'd;
For this will still remain most firm and sure,
Yea, this alone for ever will endure:

But if on worldly Wealth you place your Mind,
True Peace and Happiness you ne'er will find;
Which while it fills the Eyes with gaudy Things,
Imbitters much the Heart with deadly Stings;
Whereby its Peace and Joy it doth destroy,
And for true Riches bites it with a Toy.

Wherfore now I advise and recommend,
That in the Ways of God, your Time you'll spend:
A Truth more great than this I cannot say,
That to be happy, him you must obey:
Seek thou the Lord, I pray, with all thy Heart,
And Blessings great to thee, he will impart.
And now, O Lord, and blessed God above,
Unite our Hearts to thee in perfect Love;

That

That thou in us, and we in thee may live,
And ever Thanks and Praises to thee give.



Fifthly, On YOUTH.

Rejoice, O young Man in thy Youth, and let thine Heart bear thee in the Days of thy Youth, and walk in the Ways of thy Heart, and in the Sight of thine Eyes; but know thou that for all these Things God will bring thee into Judgment, Eccles. xi. 9.

O Youth! thou fair, but very fleeting Bloom,
Which like an early Flow'r doth perish soon,
Or as the verdant Grass looks fine and gay,
Is soon cut down and wither'd quite away:
Thus Youth To-day looks mighty gay and brave,
But on the Morrow's sunk into the Grave!
Now he looks big and struts like any Beau,
But 'las! e'er long, he's in the Dust laid low.
How ought you then your precious Time to spend,
And in each Moment your Conduct seek t' mend;
For Death will not be fe'd by Friend or Foe,
But shortly hence you must all surely go,
When only the Actions of the Just,
Will then smell sweet and blossom in the Dust.
But yet, alas! methinks I hear you say,
My Will and Paf'ons now I must obey;
Must Nature's Bloom be vainly flung away,
Without fresh Supply of Joys in each Day?
That I am young, indeed, I do confess
With Pleasure, and think it now my chiefest Bliss,
The World's my great Delight, its Pomps I like,
And think thereon in Morn when I do wake.
Come on then, O my Youth, now take thy fill,
Make hafte, Pleasure to Pleasure add more still:
To Balls and Opera's away begone,
There to take thy fill of Evening Song;
Also to Play-houses and Masquerades,
Still to behold and follow after Jades:

And

And thus gay Youth employ your Time and Life,
Nor think as yet upon an After-Strife ;
Relig'on, that dull Thing, put far away,
Leave all Thoughts of that to a future Day ;
For many Years thou hast as yet to come,
Think of that when with Pleasure thou'rt done ;
When much Age and Feebleness doth commence,
Then its time 'nough to think of going hence :
In Mirth most gay and Jollity now dwell,
Seek by Pleasures new each Day to excel.
But, hark ! I pray, what Voice is this I hear ?
Somewhat that doth me much concern I fear ;
Thus it now speaks, which doth me greatly scare,
With Voice most shrill, the which I cannot bear,
Strike home, O Death, his Vanity not spare ;
Shew him that Hell most sad is very near ;
Which to avoid should be his greatest Care,
And how to die; himself for to prepare :
Shew him the Madness of his Scheme of Life ;
Shew him how soon his Life must end with Strife ;
Shew him that Relig'on's th' Thing most needful,
About which to be by far most heedful.

Young Man forbear your precious Time to spend,
Your Life is short, your Days will quickly end :
In vain it is to look for future Time,
Tho' now thou liv'st, To-morrow is not thine.

And is it so ? alas ! what must I do ?
To hide from Death I know not where to go ;
Yea, my Conscience now 'gainst me doth declare,
That most true this is which I now do hear,
And by the secret Whispers of the Mind,
To Folly I'm forbid to be inclin'd.

Vain Youth forbear, where wilt thou go ?
Beware, and first consider what you do.

Alas ! my Soul, what dost thou say, I pray,
That these are Things will me to Death betray !
Yes, fond Youth, I pray thee now think awhile,
Before thou dost thyself by Sin beguile !

Know thou that Sin is that accursed Thing,
 Which to thy Soul will endless Torments bring:
 Mistake me not, I pray, the World's a Bubble,
 Sorrow great 'twill give thee and much Trouble;
 Then seek some better Thing elsewhere to find,
 Which may at last to thee prove good and kind.
 There is a Heav'n, a State of Joy most blest,
 Wherein alone you can expect true Rest;
 And God the King of all doth therein dwell,
 Who saves all such as do him love, from Hell.
 Would you come there? then seek unto thy God,
 And he will prove to thee an endless Good;
 Make haste therefore, I pray, delay thee not,
 But go before thou hast a Blemish got.

Much do I thank thee, O my Consc'ence dear,
 For this thy tender and most friendly Care;
 I will no longer thy Advice refuse,
 Since God, by thee, does tell me what to chuse;
 To him therefore with Speed I now will fly,
 Nor longer I will trust in Vanity;
 My Heart, my Soul, my All I'll give to him,
 And he shall be my only God and King.
 O blessed Lord, now in that I come to thee,
 Vouchsafe that I may not forsaken be;
 Forgive, I pray, thy Servant's Sin, O Lord,
 Who now in Heart and Mind to thee accord;
 No longer thy Sacred Name I'll prophane,
 And thy Commands to keep no more disdain:
 Wherfore Mercy, Mercy, Lord, I crave,
 O blessed Jesu! vouchsafe my Soul to save:
 With out-stretch'd Arm, I pray, receive me thine,
 For thee alone I truly find Divine;
 No longer I this Evil World will Love,
 But haste away unto my God above:
 Him will I thank and praise for evermore,
 Yea, him alone I'll Love and will Adore.

O! happy Change! bles'd Youth, now thou art wife,
 In quitting the World to make God thy Prize;

And

And to the Lord thy God alone to flee,
For he alone doth truly care for thee.
The early Pray'r of Youth is his Delight,
Their Love to him is pleasing in his Sight;
On them he will bestow both Grace and Love,
While they to him sincere and true doth prove;
He'll Joy to such in great Abundance give,
And they with him shall endless Ages live.



Sixtly, On the Deceitfulness of the HEART.

THE Heart is deceitful above all Things, and
desperately wicked, who can know it? Keep thy
Heart with all Diligence, for out of it are the Issues
of Life, Jer. xvii. 9. Prov. iv. 23.

THIS evil, idle, faithless Heart,
Doth always seek from God me to subvert;
And turn my Love from him to worldly Things,
Me from true Rich's to empty Shadows brings;
Yet I do often weep and promise fair,
That still to love the Lord I'll take more Care;
I now begin my Life with Heed to mend,
Anon my Mind on Vanity doth bend;
To-day I say no more I'll go astray,
To-morrow break the Promise of this Day;
So wretched is this wicked Heart within,
That it doth daily Sin upon me bring.
Hence then myself to God I will betake,
And at his Throne my Pray'r I'll daily make,
Him to implore some Succour for to send,
That I thereby my Life may daily mend;
My Promise keep his Word for to observe,
No longer from his Law in Mind to swerve.
Guide thou my Soul, my Lord, by thy good Grace,
That Sin no more in me may find a Place;
But more and more in Grace increase me still,
Until from Earth to Heav'n thou dost me bring.

Seventy,

Seventhly, ON AFFLITION.

Watch thou in all Things, endure Afflictions; now
no Chastning for the present seemeth to be joyous
but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the
peaceable Fruit of Righteousness, unto them which are
execis'd thereby, & Tim. iv. 11. Heb. xiii. 11.

Affliction is the Way to endless Life,
Affliction likewise is the Caus of Strife:

Different then are its Effects you see,
And this without a Paradox may be;
For as it diff'rently affects the Mind,
Making it to, or from its God inclin'd,
So doth it to the One bring Peace and Joy;
T'other with Trouble doth the Soul annoy.

Afflictions in this Life are very great,
But worse to those who do God's Laws forsake;
They in Disquietude and Grief of Mind,
No Peace, no Joy, no Hope in God can find.
Afflictions of some Sort to all arise,
To some it comes with very great Surprise;
To others with much less, because that they
To its Approach, have wisely pav'd the Way;
Namely, by Exercise of Patience great,
By Frequency in Pray'r on God to wait;
Submitting chearfully unto his Will,
In what e'er he's pleas'd upon them to bring.
But what is Affliction, I pray thee tell,
That I henceforth may understand it well?
Come then, and now receive with pat'ent Ear,
The Thing which doth oppres with mournful Care.

See there One sits, in melancholly Mood,
Nor scarce will Life support with needful Food!
Ask now, I pray, the Cause of that sad Grief,
For which its very hard to find Relief!
What ails thee, O my Friend, to be so sad?
Tell me, what shall I do to make thee glad?

Alas!

Alas! Affliction great doth me betake,
Whereby I greatly fear my Heart will break:
All earthly Comforts do me now forsake,
And this is what my Soul most sad doth make:
My Husband dear hath now forsaken me,
And what alone to do, I cannot see.
But still much worse, my Children all are gone,
Whereby my Case is made much more forlorn:
But yet my Grief is still more sad and sore,
Nor have I at Command, much Goods in Store;
But by sad Debt, am very much opprest,
And am in daily Fear of an Arrest:
Sickness also at Times doth seize me great,
With Pains of Limbs which keeps me much awake:
And likewise now my Friends do me forsake,
Nor will they any Pity on me take.
These me do make, with other Things, thus sad,
And by what, I pray, can you make me glad?

Alas! I know its hard for me to say,
What can remove this great Complaint away;
Yet now, my Friend, consider this I pray,
That Afflictions are but for a Day;
Many are the Changes of Mortal State,
In which its always best on God to wait:
Come then, dispair of nothing you would obtain,
Unwearied Diligence your Point will gain:
If now you'd prosper and 'ver well succeed,
To Love the Lord your God pray take good Heed;
Honour thou him daily in Heart and Mind,
And then to thee he'll prove most good and kind;
And shortly put an End to all thy Strife,
And bring thee into an immortal Life.

But now behold another all in Tears,
With Heart and Mind opprest with Cares and Fears;
A Wife most dear, says he, I have now lost,
Which doth much Grief and Sorrow to me cost;
One who to me most tender was and kind,
The like to which I know not where to find:

What

What shall I do? or how this Loss repair?
 My Heart doth bleed with Sorrow for my Dear;
 O wretched is my Case and greatly sad,
 Never Man Wife more kind or better had:
 She was the Darling of my Life and Heart,
 Who daily Comfort to me did impart;
 But now she's gone, my dearest Love is dead,
 I cannot rest, nor sleep within my Bed.

Alas! my Friend, I'm sorry for to hear,
 You take thus on, and thus opprest with Care:
 Its true your Loss is doubtless very great,
 But remember its no uncommon Fate;
 What's Mortal must to the Earth soon return,
 Its Time is short, its Race is quickly run:
 You have lost your Wife, she is dead you say,
 But how knowest thou that, my Friend, I pray?
 Was she not Virt'ous, and to God inclin'd?
 Then he to such will never prove unkind:
 If so, then she's not lost, but gone before,
 Now gladly possessing Joys in great Store:
 O then! still love the Lord with all thy Heart,
 And then to thee he'll Comfort great impart;
 Cease now thy Tears, and make no longer Moan,
 Nor for your Loss in Heart no longer groan;
 Expect a while and her again you'll see,
 Nobly Enrob'd with glor'ous Majesty;
 When you from hence do likewise take your Flight,
 To that blest Reg'on of eternal Light.

But now, behold another Sight appears,
 Of one from whom doth flow great Floods of Tears,
 To whom a Parent dear is lost it seems,
 For whom the Tears do greatly flow in Streams.

See there One more in like sad Condition,
 Whose Heart is full of Grief and Contrit'on,
 A lovely Child, he says, he now has lost,
 Which great Sorrow of Heart doth him now cost:
 But hear, my Friends, who thus lament and moan,
 Is not the Lord the Master of his own?

The Second Gift of Thieophilus Philanthropos. 31

May he not take what he has lent to you?
Can you refuse him what's his proper Due?
Cease then thy Tears, and Thanks to him return,
For his good Favours he to thee hath shewn;
And with ungrateful Tear grieve him no more,
Lest he sad Displeasure on thee should pour;
Submit with Pat'ence to his blessed Will,
And then he'll Joy and Comfort to thee bring.

Again, says One, I've met with Losses great,
Which now all Pleasure from my Heart doth take;
I had much Wealth in great abundant Store,
But now I'm become both wretched and poor.

But do all earthly Comforts thee forsake?
Then to the Lord for Comfort thee betake;
Learn him to love, him serve, and him obey,
And he to Comfort thee will not delay.

Others complain of Wounds and Ulcers great,
For Cure of which they think it long to wait;
Others of Rheumatism and Gout complain,
They cannot rest they find no Ease for Pain;
While others still louder Complaint do make,
For Loss of Limb, the Thoughts of which they hate.
Others the Dead Palsy and Jaundice have,
Which from sad Death oft times no Means can save.

Others have great Pain in every Limb,
Which doth much Grief and Trouble to them bring.

Others sick with sad Fever and Small-Pox,
Gives Rise and Fall to Hopes as do the Stocks;
While by their palid Looks, and too flat shew,
Bespeaks Death's near Approach to strike the Blow,
A speedy End of mortal Life to make,
When hence the Soul to God doth her betake:

While others with much Grief behold the Sight,
Which Sorrow gives, and banishes Delight;
In mournful Thought they think upon the Dead,
While Streams of flowing Love comes from their Head.

Others of Dropfies and Short Breath complain,
From whence proceeds great Fulness, and much Pain.

Others

Others of Stone and Gravel loud do cry,
In mournful Mood upon their Bed do lie.
Others possess'd in Mind with Notions sad,
Can scarcely be restrain'd from Things most bad.

Others in filthy Salivat' on lies,
Whose wilful Sins for Vengeance loudly cry,
Most strongly pleading with the Hand Divine,
With Speed them to destroy for their sad Crime!
They sigh, complain, they weep, and much lament,
That now their Life and Strength is almost spent;
Of present Pain and Grief they'll much complain,
But take no Thought to 'void sad future Pain.

O God of Love, who Mercy doth impart,
Send forth thy Grace, and these to thee Convert;
That now from Sin they may make Speed to flee,
And from the Dev'l make haste, and run to thee,

Thus many are the Scenes of Human Life,
Which tho' but very short, are full of Strife:
Many other are there sad Disasters,
Which may happen to us from Hereafters;
Too tedious would it be to reckon all,
Which by Name of Afflict'ons you may call;
Human Life tho' short and like a Bubble,
To some is one continu'd Scene of Trouble.
O then! since Life is short, so full of Thrall,
Be ye mindful all, 'pon the Lord to call,
For he alone can Comfort in Distrefs,
And he alone can with true Peace thee bleſs:
He is the God whom all Things must obey,
Life and Death are at his Command alway:
Wherefore in Distress pray wait 'pon him All,
And for his Help daily on him Call;
So shall your Trouble shortly come to End,
And you with him your Days shall ever spend.

Eighthly,

Eighthly, On ENVY, MALICE and SLANDER.

A Sound Heart is the Life of the Flesh, but Envy
the Rottenness of the Bones: Thro' Envy of the
Devil came Death into the World, and they that do
hold on this Side do find it: Malice and Wrath, even
these are Abominations, and the sinful Man shall have
them both: Let all Bitterness, and Wrath, and Anger,
and Evil-speaking be put away from you, with all
Malice, Prov. xiv. 30. Wisd. ii. 24. Ecclef. xxvii. 30.
Epheſ. iv. 31.

ENVY! thou hateful, wretched Tyrant great,
Which much delights in Sin, but Good doth hate;
Like hungry Leech who sucks the Blood of those,
Who it did save from Death by Foot of Foes;
So this vile Monster fasten will on all,
Whether Friend or Foe, brings them into Thrall.
Malice is the Parent of all Evil,
The Off-spring of its Father the Devil.
Slander from it as its Par'nt doth proceed,
And on ev'ry Evil Thing doth freely feed;
These Beasts of deadly Poison, which do haunt
The Breasts of Men, and Evil great impart,
To those who do them quiet Lodging give,
And in their Hearts find them a Place to live,
When like the troubled Sea it doth become,
For Peace unto th' Wicked, says God, there's none;
In hateful Practices they much delight,
Against all Good do vilely bend their Spite;
The Ways of God they greatly do despise,
Against what's Right do vent impious Lies.
These be the cursed Spirits that destroy
All Peace, all Love in Heart, and ev'ry Joy;
Confus'on great to Man they daily bring,
And much delight in ev'ry hateful Thing:
They Sneer and Laugh at what is Good and Great,
And against God's Servants do vilely prate;

34 The CHRISTIAN MUSE : Or,

Friendly and Good Advice they do with-stand,
Nor Peace, nor Joy will suffer in the Land;
Banishing Friendship, Concord, and true Love,
Exalt themselves against the God above

Much hating those in Heart that love him well,
And gainst their Good, do very greatly swell ;
Nor Fear of God, nor Fear of Death, or Hell,
Doth bring them into loving Peace to dwell.

O sad! and wretched Spirit of Mankind!

Which not to Good, but Evil is inclin'd !

For Strife, Debate, and Opposition great

To find some Cause, do diligently wait !

A small Spark blow they'll soon into a Fire,

And with blowing the Fire they'll never tire.

What think you then, I pray, will be the End,

Of those who thus their precious Time do spend ?

By whom Evil is call'd Good, and Good Ev'l,

After the cursed Nature of the Dev'l;

Surely nothing but Death and Judgment great,

Can be their Port' on in a future State.

O wretched Man! in whom these Monsters dwell,

They will you sink into the lowest Hell,

Where with Satan, and his accursed Train,

You must have Place in everlasting Pain !

Therefore repent, if repent you may,

And to the Lord for speedy Mercy pray ;

May God now Grace you give for to amend,

That him to please your Mind you may now bend ;

May he preserve you from the Gulf of Hell,

And you vouchsafe a Place with him to dwell.

Ninthly, On COVETOUSNESS.

With-hold not Good from him to whom it is due,
when it is in the Power of thine Hand to do
it ; say not to thy Neighbour, go and come again, and
To-morrow I will give, when thou hast it by thee ; there
is nothing more wicked than a covetous Man, for such

a one

a one setteth his own Soul to sale, because while he liveth he casteth away his Bowels; the Love of Money is the Root of all Evil, which while some have coveted after they have erred from the Faith, and pierced themselves thru' with many Sorrows. Prov. iii. 27, 28. Eccles. x. 9. 1 Tim. vi. 10.

AH! Money's the great Darling of my Heart,
Nor will I from a Farthing of it part;
Its sweet'r t' my Mind, than Honey t' my Taste,
Nor shall it go to Friend or Foe in Haste;
Yea, I most dearly love it to behold,
And now could even sell my Soul for Gold:
I'll hug my darling Life nor from it part,
To part with Money, is to break my Heart.

But, ah! whose that? methinks I yonder view,
One, unto whom from me some Money's due:
O! most hateful Sight, but here pace he comes;
Alas! he sees me now, behold he runs,
I'll hence make haste to hide me from his Sight,
Lest now he should demand what is his Right.

SIR, Sir, Sir; a Word with you, if you please:
Sir, stay I can't, I want myself to ease.

Sir, pray now stay; I will not you delay:
No, Sir, I can't, I must make Speed away.

But, Sir, my Debt's long due; pray pay my Bill:
Sir, pray Sil'nce keep, or else your Blood I'll spill.
What? would you rob me of my God? my Life?
To ask for Money is the worst of Strife:
It is a Thing too choice for me to give;
Pray stay awhile, that I in Peace may live:
Besides, your Bill's too much, you must abate,
I will not pay it at so dear a Rate:
Money's the Darling of my Soul and Heart;
I can't, I know not how from it to part:
Take back your Bill therefore, pray stay awhile,
To pay the Sum I cannot now incline:
Nor will I give what you have charg'd me there;
You must abate, you reckon me too dear.

But,

But, Sir, I'm now in Want, and much distress'd;
Pray pay me Part, and I will trust the Rest.

Begone; I can't, nor will I pay you Part;
To take my Money's to my Heart a Dart:
Cease then, I cannot answer your Desire;
To pay your Bill, I'll longer Time require.

Alas! Sir, my Household's almost starving,
And for their Help I have not got one Farthing,

Pish, away be gone, and hold your prating,
Or else now soon I'll set your Heart on ak'ng.

O! Sir, you hear my Want, pray pay me Part,
Else I fear that Want will break my Heart;
For present Help, pay me what you please:
Vile Knave begone, will you me longer teaze?
Now hold your Peace, I care not what you say,
Nor will I you pay one Farthing on this Day;
Hence then away, nor interrupt me now,
Since with you to comply I know not how:
What would you rob me of my Soul, my All?
For this you do while you for Money call;
No, my Cash I'll keep, its my very Life,
Nor will I part with it without much Strife.

And must I starve, and you'll no Pity shew,
To save me from sad Death by what's my Due?
Alas how wretched is that Man in Mind,
Who unto Cov'tousness is much inclin'd;
Which of a Man a Monster vile doth make,
That doth the Laws of Truth and Justice break;
And like a cruel savage Tyrant great,
Others to kill for Gain, doth lie in wait.

Think then, I pray, ye Monsters of Mankind,
O think! before in Hell yourselves you find;
Tare out this Canker, this Devil from your Breast,
Or else you'll have no Place in future Rest,
But hence o'er long you speedily will go,
Into a Lake of never ending Woe.

Good God! preserve us from this evil Thing,
And give us Hearts as may to thee us bring;

That

That what thou to us dost in Mercy lend,
We may in Acts of Justice gladly spend,
That with good Mind we may at Night take Rest,
And when we hence depart be ever blest.



Tenthly, On CENSURE.

THUS saith the Lord, I, even I am he that comforteth you; who art thou that thou shouldest be afraid of Man, that shall die, or of the Son of Man which shall be made as Grass: But blessed are ye when Men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all Manner of Evil against you falsly for my sake; rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your Reward in Heaven, Isa. li. 12. St. Mat. v. 11, 12.

VILE ungrateful Tongue of Human Race,
Falshood to proclaim, Truth for to debase;
Who with polite Knowledge grow big and swell,
On Mathematicks much delight to dwell;
So likewise Musick and Anatomy,
Are also greatly in Esteem by thee;
Yea, Law, Physick, and History you love,
In human Learning Labour to improve:
Authors of Note in great Abundance quote,
Some you reject, on others partly doat.
To talk of Travels and of Things abroad,
You are well pleas'd, yea, and much overjoy'd;
Of Foreign and Domestick News to hear,
You do attend and lend a willing Ear;
But of the great, yea, the one Thing needful,
You are of all others the least heedful;
Yea, in the Law of God for to be wise,
Is that which from your Heart you do despise;
A Thing too mean it seems for thy great Soul,
To want such Help or a Saviour own;
The God in whom thy Breath, thy All depends,
Him to offend, thy whole Behaviour bends;

His Sacred Word you scornfully Reproach,
And against which do Words of Slander broach ;
Too wise you are by it to be inform'd,
And he that doth attempt it, is much scorn'd ;
Of its Divine Authority you'll doubt,
Whilst of human Reason you'll make great Rout ;
With that you'll oppose the Truth Divine,
Which blind Guide to follow, you'll much incline ;
Alas ! vain Man ! thy Reason's dark I fear,
And then to follow that will cost thee dear :
Religion greatly is by thee contemn'd,
You do therein much scorn your Time to spend ;
Yea, that dull Thing Divinity you hate,
And against God's Servants do vilely prate :
He's mad, you say, and more than half crack-brain'd,
Quite beside himself, and will n't be reclaim'd ;
He talk's of God and Pray'r every Day,
Whereby his Folly great he doth betray ;
His Virtue you debase by hateful Lies,
But his Defects exalt unto the Skies ;
By Calumny, Slander and much Reproach,
Hateful Words against him you freely broach.
Alas poor Souls ! you do yourselves destroy,
While in such Exercise you find much Joy :
But scoff on, ye Scoffers, yea, scoff away,
Destroy'd ye all shall be another Day :
When the Almighty takes Account of those,
That to his Sacred Will were wilful Foes,
He'll to his Servants then be true and kind,
While you his Vengeance terrible shall find.
Awake, therefore, and now amend your Ways,
Before that Death for ever end your Days ;
Yea, now bewail your Sins and them forsake,
Lest longer to defer it prove too late ;
For Death most sad is now almost at Hand,
Quick hence to convey you out of the Land,
Unto a Place of most horrible Dread,
Where you'll be ever dy'ng but never dead.

All

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All human Learn'ng and Wisdom will e'er long, van. no T,
Vanish as the Breath of Evening Song; & van. much baA
When Love alone to God, the mighty King, aid. no O
Can save the Soul and Peace unto it bring. John d'isid. 10.10.
But if in Sin you still resolve to live, John G. 10.10.
Then God thy Sin will never thee forgive; ad. 10.10.
For which you shall by Death be ever doom'd, 10.10.
To burn in Lake of Fire, tho' ne'er consum'd: 10.10.
May God avert this Sentance from you all, 10.10.
And unto Grace vouchsafe you all to call. 10.10.

But you, bless'd Souls, whom God the Lord doth love,
Go on with Joy to serve the mighty *Jove*; 10.10.
Fear not Contempt and Scorn from foolish Men, 10.10.
Who seek to draw you with themselves to Hell. 10.10.
Are you reproach'd with 1st *Tim.* i. 6, 7th. I bl. 10.10.
Than Comfort yourselves with *Mat.* v. Verse 11th. 10.10.
And *Mark* viii. 33d. return them in Reply, 10.10.
As be'ng the Words of him that cannot Lie. 10.10.
What tho' an Enthusiast they you call; 10.10.
Be it so, God is to you All in All; 10.10.
Rouze thy Faith, by Love in him grow strong, 10.10.
And he will save thee from the wicked Throng. 10.10.

And now, O Lord most high, and holy King, 10.10.
Vouchsafe to all, I pray, this one good Thing; 10.10.
That all, by thy good Grace, may love thee well, 10.10.
And all, thro' Love, may ever with thee dwell. 10.10.



Eleventhly, On Prophane SWEARING.

Because of Swearing the Land mourneth; wherefore I say unto you, swear not at all; for by thy Words thou shalt be either justified or condemn'd. *Jer. xxiii. 10.* *St. Mat. vi. 34.* & *xii. 37.*

HARK! what Words! what horrid Sound is this I hear?
Some now methinks I hear prophanely swear;
And for Damnation loudly do declare,
As tho' great Good to gain thereby they were!

Pon.

Pon my Eyes, says one, may Damnat'on light ;
 And damn my Soul, says t'other, I'll have my Right !
 One on his Heart a Curse from God doth call,
 For which aloud as in great Haste doth bawl !
 Your Soul God damn, you Rogue, says one, I pray ;
 And you be damn'd, you Dog, does t'other say :
 Damn you, or damn it's Part of each Sentence spoke
 By some, wheth'r in Talk serious, or in joke ;
 As tho' of the Dev'l they had learn'd to speak,
 And did his Honour in each Sentence seek :
 Yes, God damn'y'r Blood, you Whore's-bird and vile Rogue,
 Is now a Speech of no uncommon Vogue !

These, with 'ther Words too shocking here to name,
 Does impious Man the Lord his God prophane ;
 Nor should I mention thus much at this Time,
 But that I mean hereby th' more to expose th' Crime.

Where are our Laws, our Zeal for God, I pray,
 When God is thus prophan'd on ev'ry Day ?
 Such horrid Oaths about the Streets are heard,
 As tho' not God, but th' Dev'l was lov'd and fear'd :
 Amazing most it is to understand,
 Such vile Crimes are suffer'd in a Christ'an Land,
 And yet no Zeal for to suppress them's shown,
 As tho' Christian'ty from th' Land had flown,
 Or to the Lord no Honour Men would give,
 But serve the Dev'l, and to him 'lone to live.

But sure the Man is Mad, or half crack-brain'd,
 That on Damnat'on thus his Mind doth bend,
 And to Destruct'on would his Soul now send ;
 And with the Dev'l his Days for ever spend.
 But why I pray would'st thou in haste be damn'd ?
 Dost thou not fear in Fire to put thine Hand ?
 Come then, in this Candle now put thy Finger ;
 Nay, make haste, I say, why dost thou linger ?
 Alas! poor Man can't you endure that Pain ?
 How then in Hell ever can you remain ?
 What think you now, will you as yet Swear on,
 And soon be damn'd among the guilty Throng ;

Now

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Now think, I say, yea, think again I pray,
Before you've finn'd the Day of Grace away :
Why dost thou Curse thine Eyes whence comes thy Sight,
Would you now be depriv'd of Light ?
See then herein your wretched Folly great,
And now repent e'er it be much too late :
But why, I pray, dost also damn thy Heart ?
Would you this mortal Breath with speed now part ?
Whereas your parting with this wretched Life,
Would straitly send you into endless Strife :
And why I pray dost damn thy Soul also ;
From hence to drive it into endless Woe ?
Alas ! poor Man, hast for thy Soul no Care,
Which to redeem did cost the Lord most dear ?
Who did for thee a Sacrifice become,
That you in burning Lake might never burn ;
And by his Death did purchase Life for thee,
That thou with him might ever happy be ;
But thou poor Wretch with him refus'd to dwell,
Cursing thy Body, Soul, and all to Hell ;
Hell therefore now awaits thy coming near,
Ever in Torment to confine thee there :
O ! stupid Thought and Madness for to think,
You mind not Hell, tho' now upon its brink !
Alas ! poor Wretch, for thee my Heart doth bleed,
And bid thee now from Hell to make good Speed :
Now flee from Sin with all thy Soul and Might,
Hate now thy Sin, and learn to love what's right ;
No more thy Mouth the Lord thy God prophane,
No more thy Lips blaspheme his sacred Name ;
No more to Swear or take his Name in Vain,
But haste thee now to flee from endless Pain :
Now seek the Lord with all thy Soul and Heart,
And he will Mercies to thee great impart ;
Thy wounded Soul he'll heal, thy Sins forgive,
And thou in endless Joy shall ever live.

**Twelfthly, A Morning HYMN, in Praise of the
CREATOR.**

Praise the Lord, O my Soul, and all that is within me Praise his holy Name: Praise the Lord, O my Soul, and forget not all his Benefits; who forgiveth all thy Sin, and healeth all thine Infirmities; who saveth thy Life from Destruction, and crowneth the with Mercy and Loving-kindness. Psal. ciii. 1, 2, 3, 4.

ALL Love, all Praise, all Glory be to thee, By whom another Day I'm brought to see; Who do'st when Storms andraging Tempests roar, At thy All-powerful Word a Calm restore.

So when deep Sorrows overflow my Heart, Thou do'st, my God, thy blessed Self impart; And (just as Peter's) when my Faith doth fail, I find thy Grace and Mercy still prevail.

Quench not the Smoakiug Flax my Sav'our dear, Nor let the Sacred Spark e'er disappear; But let, my God, thy Holy Flame increase, And then my Soul is sure of endless Peace.

O thou immortal King! my Heart inspire, Who touch'd *Isaiah's* hallow'd Lips with Fire; That I the Terrors of thy Wrath may tell, And save poor Wretches from the Gulph of Hell.

O! did my Soul but like the Seraph's blaze! O! could my Tongue but like the Cherub's praise! O! could my Hands upon their Harps but play! My God, I'd sing and praise thee all the Day.

But this vile Flesh bears down my tow'ring Soul, And all my Resolutions soon controul; Yet with the rising Wings of Faith and Love, I'll quickly mount the Realms of Bliss above.

There Throngts of blessed Angels gladly join, Thee, King of Kings! to praise in Songs Divine; There Harmony, and Peace, and Joys abound; And Pleasures flow in an eternal Round.

Grant, blessed Lord, thy Word may be my Light; That I may walk by Faith, and not by Sight; That,

That, as the Hart thirsts for the chrystral Flood,
So may my Soul long after thee, my God.

Remove far from me Vanity and Lies ;
Let me the Poor and Virt'ous not despise :
And whatsoever my Condit'on be,
Grant me, O Lord, to place my Faith in thee.

Tho' Blossoms in the Fig-Tree have no Place,
And tho' no Fruit the spreading Vine doth grace ;
Yea, tho' the Labour of the Olive fail ;
Grant, O my God, my Faith may still prevail.

And tho' the Field itself no Food should hold,
And the whole Flock be cut off from the Fold ;
Yea, tho' within the Stalls no Beast be found ;
Yet let my Mouth thy glor'ous Praise still sound.

O Lord, increase my Faith, increase it still ;
And may I always do thy blessed Will :
Within me may thy Holy Spirit live,
That I all Thanks, all Praise to thee may give.

Permit me daily at thy Throne of Grace,
To offer up a Sacrifice of Praise ;
And as for all Mankind I gladly pray,
Let me not, Lord, become a Cast-away.

Thirteenthly, On DEATH.

O Death where is thy Sting ? O Grave where is thy Victory ? Thanks be to God who giveth us the Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, 1 Cor. xv. 55, 57.

IT is most true we all but Mortals are,
Our Life's a little blast of fleeting Air ;
No sooner do we live, but we begin
To die, as the fading Flower in Spring ;
The Body to its Parent Earth is haul'd,
The Soul by its great Author hence is call'd.
But, hark ! who knocks so hard ? why in such haste,
As if by mighty Enemy hard chas'd :
O what ails thee now, thus to puff and blow,
As tho' you were pursu'd by some great Foe ?

Why

Why run'st so fast as to have no Breath?
 O! stay me not, its from the grim Shape Death:
 Tell me with Speed, make haste, O tell me where,
 I may conceal my Self from his dread Fear:
 Haste thee, I say, protect me now, I pray,
 That I may live at least yet one more Day.
 O Death! thou mortal Foe of human Race,
 Nothing is more hateful than thy grim Face;
 With most ravenous thirst and greedy Mind,
 Boldly Captivate all that you can find,
 Depriving mortal Man of wretched Life,
 Wherein tho' Time be short he has great Strife?
 Both the Rich and Poor, both the Great and Small,
 Must yield Obedience to thy dread Call:
 No Respect to any by thee is had,
 Either to the more Joyful or more Sad.
 But what? of Death say'st thou art thou afraid?
 Lovest thou not the God who haft thee made?
 Know then this Truth, that Death's no Death to thee,
 But from great Misery will set thee free.

Hast thou not heard that Christ the blessed Jesus,
 Suffer'd Death that he from Death might save us?
 Place Love, Faith, Confidence and Hope in him,
 Who is thy only Lord, thy God and King;
 So shall he be to thee that one good Thing,
 Which shall thee safely keep from Death's sad Sting?
 He as a Saviour dear was given,
 To save lost Man and bring him safe to Heav'n,
 O blessed News! thou dost unto me tell,
 That Christ will me vouchsafe to save from Hell;
 My Sins I will confess, and them forsake,
 And to God for Mercy I'll me betake;
 Nor will I longer fear pale Death to see,
 Since Christ a Sav'our will become for me;
 Yea, why should I now be 'fraid of Death,
 Or, why to part with this my fleeting Breath?
 Since he comes from the mighty God above,
 Safe me to convey unto his endless Love,

Where thou, my Soul, shall certainly well know,
That grim shap'd Death was unto thee no Foe,
But rather the kind Messenger of him,
Who most grac'ous is thy God and King:
Cease then, O Death, me boldly to pursue,
My Body take, my Soul is not for you,
That to a much higher Region goes,
Where Love and Joy in great Abundance flows,
There endlesis Songs t' *Jove* th' mighty King I'll sing,
Who has me safe preserv'd from thy dread Sting,
And who to thee will be Death immortal,
While I shall ever live in Bliss 'ternal.
And now, O blessed Jesus, I wait for thee,
Vouchsafe, I pray, with Speed to come to me,
For thee alone, my Lord, I long to see,
And greatly want, with thee, my God, to be:
Yea, come near'r, nearer, and near'r to me still,
That I of thee may sweetly take my fill.
O come, my God, make haste, my Lord, I pray,
And take me hence to thy eternal Day.

Fourteenthly, On the LAST DAY.

BEBOLD the Day cometh, saith the Lord, that shall burn as an Oven; and all the Proud, yea, and all that do Wickedly shall be Stubble, and the Day that cometh shall burn them up, it shall leave them neither Root nor Branch: For the Lord himself shall descend from Heaven with a Shout, with the Voice of the Archangel, and with the Trump of God: And the Trumpet shall sound, and the Dead shall be rais'd incorruptable and we shall be chang'd, Mal. iv. 1. 1 Thess. iv. 16. 1 Cor. xv. 52.

HARK! how the loud and dreadful Trumpet sounds, Hark! how its Voice in Echo great rebounds; From North to East, from South to West it runs, And Trembling Causes wheresoe'er it comes. Awake, ye Dead! to Judgment now make Speed; Ye Sea and Grave unto his Voice give Heed; Deliver

Deliver up the Dead in you confin'd,
Let each appear his Sentence for to mind :
As are their Deeds, so shall their Judgment be,
And either bleſſ'd or damn'd themſelves ſhall fee.
See how the Earth doth quake and tremble much !
See how each Grave doth open at his Touch !
Bone to its Bone doth ſpeedily unite,
By Fleſh and Skin is cover'd from the Sight !
When ſtraiſt the Soul its Body doth retrieve
From Death, and doth with it for ever live.
Behold ! the Sea likewiſe her Dead reſigns,
His mighty Will to ſerve all Things combines.
Look now the Judge in ſplendid Light moſt bright,
Commands Reſpect from all within his Sight ;
Upon his Throne behold him now ſit down,
With Robes of Maſteſty and ſplendid Crown ;
Juđgment on all doth paſs from his dread Seat,
And gives to each their Doom as he thinks meet.
See how the Nations croud before him great,
And for his Sent'nce each one him doth await :
Obſerve the Kings and Grandees of the Earth,
Diſrob'd of Maſteſty, of Joy, and Mirth,
Appear likewiſe before the Judge of All,
And yield no leſs Obed'ence to his Call.
O ſee what Sadneſs doth appear in ſome ;
Behold with what Reluctancy they come !
Fain would they hide themſelves in Caves moſt deep ;
Fain ever would they wiſh themſelves to ſleep.
Like the Brute Beast, Caterpillar or Worm,
That they, like them, to Juđgment might not come.
But now in vain they wiſh from God to fly ;
In vain to ſeek from him conceal'd to lie ;
His piercīng Eye doth paſs thro' boundleſs Space,
His Power great diſcov'rs ev'ry Trace,
None can himſelf conceal in any Space ;
None from him flie to hide in any Place :
No one ſo rich, ſo powerful, or great,
But muſt upon his Will and Pleaſure wait ;
Nor none ſo mean, contemptible, or bafe,

But

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But shall appear before his splendid Face.
See there! behold! the Books are open all,
And every one doth wait upon his Call:
When now, alas! the dreadful Scene comes on,
Which greatly doth confound the guilty Throng:
To hear their Names and Act'ons loud proclaim'd,
And Things disclos'd of which they are ashame'd.
Hark! now a dreadful Voice aloud doth sound,
Which doth Attent'on great command around:

O ye that did the Lord your God abuse,
And due Obed'ence unto his Will refuse:

O ye that did the Day of God prophane,
And of the Ways of Sin did make a Gain:

O ye that vilely did the Truth forsake,
And unto Lies for Refuge did betake;
Ye Cursed of the Earth that did rebel
Against the Lord, and did despise his Will,
Begone from hence unto the Lake of Hell,
There with the Devil ever for to dwell.

And ye who lay conceal'd, and in the Dark
Did act your hateful Vice, your wicked Part;
Ye Adult'ers and Fornicators all,
With them likewise doth now your Port'on fall.

All ye who did in Sin your Pleasure take,
Away also unto the burning Lake:

Ye Prostitutes and cursed Harlots vile,
Who to the Lord in Heart would not incline,
Nor to th' Paths of Virtue your Ways confine,
But did yourselves by Whoredoms much defile;
That would not be reclaim'd by Word or Deed,
But in the Paths of Vice would still proceed,
Others for to tempt in the Ways of Sin,
And thereby sad Destruct'on on them bring;
Nor by Salivat'on would take good heed
Of falling 'gain into the like sad Deed;
But for the sake of Gain your Souls did sell,
Therefore 'way begone to the Dev'l in Hell.

And you who by Vanity of the Mind,
To patch and paint your Face were much inclin'd : In

In Balls and Opera's had much Delight,
 But to the Checks of Consc'ence did Dispite ;
 For Plays and Masquerades had great Respect,
 But to attend God's House did much Neglect :
 Now doth your wretched Port'on also fall,
 Amongst those, who to 'bey the Lord did scorn.

And also ye who did your Gold adore,
 Nor Mercy had upon the wretched Poor ;
 But, to enrich yourselves, did oft refuse
 To recompence to others their just Dues :
 That did yourselves betake to Fraud and Lies,
 Opprest the Poor, and Justice did dispise ;
 And for Vile Gain your Soul did sacrifice,
 Nor help the Needy Poor, or hear their Cries,
 Your Portion now also doth you await,
 With the curs'd Dev'l in his most dreadful State.

And now ye Vile and Disobed'ent all,
 Who would not heark'n to God's most grac'ous Call,
 When he to you would Life have freely giv'n,
 And made you happy evermore in Heav'n :
 Yea, all ye Workers of the wicked Race,
 In whom the Will of God could find no Place ;
 No Place remains for you among the Blest,
 Nor can you dwell with them in endless Rest :
 Away therefore from hence, your Portion take,
 With the Damn'd Crew in endless burning Lake.

But now a Sight more glor'ous doth appear,
 Of holy Souls for whom the Judge doth care,
 And with loud Voice to them doth kindly say,
 Behold your Sav'our who for you did pray,
 Ye blessed Children of my Father dear,
 For love of whom his Son God did not spare,
 But did him give a Sacrifice to be,
 That you might with him dwell t' all Et'rnity,
 Into ev'rlasting Joy come enter ye,
 Where you for ever shall remain with me ;
 Who did my Father's Will obey in Mind,
 And him to serve was ever well inclin'd.

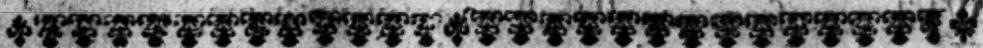
Unto the Poor distres'd you lent an Ear,
And to relieve the Needy had much Care:
The Ways of Sin you perfectly did hate,
And upon th' Will of God did daily wait;
His Sacred House of Pray'r you did frequent,
To serve the Lord with Care your Mind was bent;
Nor did you fear the vile Reproach of those,
Who to the Lord thy God were utter Foes,
And would pervert your Mind from Good to Ill,
Nor suffer you his Will for to fulfil:
But now the Port'ons of all such you see,
Is for ever in the burning Lake to be:
While you from hence shall go away with me,
Unto the Joy, thro' me, prepar'd for thee;
Where Grief nor Toil to thee shall be no more,
But where you shall your God with Joy adore;
Where Rivers of eternal Pleasures flow,
And Streams of Love in ev'ry Heart doth glow,
Come then, ye Blessed, let us hence away,
Unto the Joys of that eternal Day.



Fifteenthly, On H E L L.

HE L L! O! horrible Place of endless Pain,
A Moment's Rest in thee to seek is vain,
Nothing but Groans, Sighs, and Howlings great,
Do thy damn'd Crew for evermore await;
Who like rag'ng Lions on each other fly,
They gnash their Teeth and rage with bitter Cry;
While th' Dev'l doth his Fury on them pour,
They hate the Sight, they ring their Hands, they roar;
And bellow much with Words of hateful sound,
While Torments great doth ever them surround,
Each one doth Curse their Time of Birth wherein,
Their wretched sinful Life they did begin;
Each one doth Curse their Day, their wretched Fate,
In that they did the Ways of Virtue hate;

Each one doth now their Folly great lament,
 For that their Days in Vanity they spent :
 And did upon themselves Damnation bring,
 Wilfully rebelling 'gainst th' Lord their King.
 For ever now condemn'd to lie in Hell,
 And in great Torments always for to dwell.
 O horrible Place of endless Woe,
 Where all that do forget the Lord must go !
 No Tongue can speak, nor Heart can think how great,
 The Torments are of that most dreadful State ;
 O ! then take heed, from Sin make speed to fly,
 Lest thou be Damn'd to all Eternity.



Sixteenthly, On HEAVEN.

HEAVEN ! thou glor'ous Place of Joy Divine,
 Wherein the Lord most splendidly doth Shine ;
 From whom great Joy to all around doth flow,
 Each Heart with ardent Love doth ever glow ;
 On Harp most sweet to him they ever Sing,
 And shout with Joy to their great God and King,
 His Goodness loud proclaim, his Mercy great,
 Who did them save from Hell the burning Lake ;
 And to them now doth Majesty impart,
 Their Souls doth fill with Joy and glad their Heart,
 With Acclamations loud they shout his Praise,
 And ever Joyfully on him do Gaze.
 O ! blessed Place of endless Joy most great,
 To those who on the Will of God do wait ;
 There Sorrow, Grief, and Pain shall be no more,
 But Peace and Love in great abundant Store ;
 There's Harmony of Heart, of Soul, of Mind,
 Ever t' each other by true Love inclin'd ;
 Then bring us Lord to that thy blessed Place,
 There ever to behold thy glor'ous Face ;
 Eternal Praises ever for to sing. **JA 63.**
 To thee our Lord, our grac'ous God and King.

F I N I S.

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